

ALBION's Tears

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Her Sacred Majesty

Queen **MARY.**

A Pindarick Poem.

L O N D O N,

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# ERRATA's

**P**age 4. Line 10. after *Grief* add *a.* p: 5. l. 5. for *would* read *to*, a Parenthesis beginning l. 4. and ending l. 8. p: 6. l. 16. for *Ears* read *Ear*. p. 8. l. 17. for *Cloisterous* read *Cloistral*.

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A

# Pindarick Poem, &c.

I

**D**Esolate *Albion*, mourn thy cruel Fate,  
*Maria's Dead!*

The fair, the chaste, the great, the good *Maria's Dead!*  
 And with her all those glorious Titles fled,  
 That Vertuous cou'd Adorn, or add to Great.

Of Graces sh' had so vast a Store,  
 Impoverish'd Nature cou'd not add one more.

Beauty and Goodness in her so combin'd,  
 That, like the Sun, where-e'er she shin'd, (Kind. }  
 At once she gave both Light and Warmth to humane

How happy *Britains* Throne,  
 Whilst she vouchsaf'd to stay below,

Envy'd by all, envying none,  
 Too blest, in Her, long to continue so!  
 Like Gods of old, sh' appear'd, but soon was rapt away,  
 Ah! why so bright the Vision, and so short Its stay?

Bid



## II.

Bid *Neptune*, who with soft Embrace,  
 Kisses thy fruitful Banks in ev'ry place,  
 T'express his Grief, his foaming Billows swell ; (tell:  
 And bid the Nymphs and Sea-gods *Britains* Sorrows  
 We'll add ten Thousand Rivers more,  
 T' increase his Store,  
 Rivers of Tears which from lamenting Eyes do pour.  
 In vain his swelling Billows rise,  
 In vain we add the Tribute of our Eyes,  
 T'express our mighty Grief, Deluge can't suffice.  
 In each true *British* Heart,  
 Since *Charles* was snatcht from *Englands* Throne,  
 ( To make us Slaves to *France* and *Rome*, )  
 Grief never plaid so true, so just, so sad a part.

## III.

Fatal Disease ! that couldst at once destroy  
 Natures Chief Ornament, and *Albion's* Joy ;  
 We wou'd have brib'd thee, Her't have spar'd,  
 With Millions of the common Herd ;  
 But thou, relentless Tyrant ! seizedst the Heart,  
 And ev'ry noble part ;

There

There thou in Triumph sat'st, and didst with Pride  
 The vain Efforts of Humane Art deride.  
 That Sacred Art, whose power and use to stain,  
 A trifling Witling labours at in vain:  
 Unable to support the Task, would praise  
 His borrow'd Gall, would ill-tim'd Laughter raise:  
 But Praise or Malice, equally the Scorn  
 Of all, asperse as little as adorn.

No blazing Comet did appear,  
 To terrifie our Hemisphere;  
 No ominous Sign, or dire Prefage,

Foretold her Doom,

Or warn'd us to prevent Heav'n's Wrath to come,  
 And by our Pray'rs and Hecatombs its Vengeance to  
 Heavens just Anger we have cause to fear, (allwage,  
 Since unconcern'd it cou'd appear,  
 And saw so great a Ruin threaten us so near.

#### IV.

She's gone, alas! she's gone!  
 And to those Blessed Mansions flown,  
 Where, free from Trouble, Pain, or Care,  
 With pity she looks down,  
 On her afflicted Lord, and groveling Subjects here;

B

Her

Her Pious Soul to Heav'n did long since tend,  
 Her Body seem'd to linger here behind :  
 To such a noble height her Soul did rise,  
 When to the Holy Altar she approach'd,  
 With burning Zeal so strongly touch'd,  
 That the Spectators drew Devotion from her Eyes;  
 Her Form was so Divine,  
 She seem'd a Goddess, not a Vot'ry at the Shrine;  
 And yet so lowly, she  
 Was the great Pattern of Humility,  
 And taught the Meanest how to approach the Deity.

V.

In one so highly fix'd,  
 Greatness with Goodness were most sweetly mix'd;  
 Say she was Great, it must be understood,  
 Only in doing Good;  
 Her tender Ears  
 Was always open to receive,  
 As freely as her Liberal Hand to give,  
 When Vertue pleaded, or Desert put up a Pray'r:  
 With so much Ease her Bounties she bestow'd;  
 With such a pleasing Air they flow'd,  
 That all, who did a Benefit receive,  
 Bless'd the Sweet Donor more than Donative.



( 8 )

She never had a Fo<sup>e</sup>,  
But those that were to Goodness so,  
And when they did offend,  
Such was the gen'rous Temper of her Mind,  
With just Revenge she ne'er pursu'd their Faults,  
But left 'em to be plagu'd by their own guilty thoughts.  
This the Ingrates did own,  
And yet they trespass'd on  
Which made her Mercy seem the more Divine,  
As Gold being oft refin'd does brighter shine.

VI.

See, see, the mighty Hero tears  
The Lawrel from his sacred Head,  
And quits the Thoughts of Arms to mourn *Maria* dead,  
The noble Partner of his Toils and Cares;  
That Martial Fire which sparkled in his Eyes,  
And gave Life to his Friends, Terror to's Enemies,  
Is all dissolv'd in Tears, or vented in sad Sighs.  
Fearless amidst ten thousand Foes he stood  
In reeking Fields of Blood;  
Amidst ten thousand Deaths, and gaping Wounds,  
Which angry *Mars* threw all around,  
Undaunted he triumphed o'er  
The grim insulting Tyrant, and defid his Pow'r,  
Tho all his horrid shapes, and ghastliest looks he wore.

His Manly Soul,   
 Which Danger ne'er could Fright, or Fear Controul,   
 With such a weighty Grief press'd down,   
 The weakness of Mortality must own.   
 So have we seen a generous Tree,   
 The fiercest Storms and Thunders rage defy,   
 But if some unkind Hand divide   
 The loving Mate which flourish'd by his side,   
 Hangs down his lofty Head, grows sick, and grieving   
 (dies:

## VII:

Mourn, Mourn, thou fairest Sex, who still wer't nigh   
 So much Divinity;   
 To you she, as a Mistress Great, was kind;   
 Yet tender to you as a Friend,   
 She to Religion did invite:   
 To vertuous Deeds excite   
 By her own good Example, free   
 From Cloisterous Austerity,   
 Which may compel, but ne'er can charm to Piety.   
 You saw how Innocent   
 She pass'd the Days, how Sweet her Nights were spent;   
 So Vertuous was her Court,   
 That Angels there might undefil'd resort.

Ah



Ah where will Vertue now for shelter run,  
When she the great Protectress of it's gone !

## VIII.

Ye Sons of *Levi* write her Elegy,  
And let it be,  
Great as the Subject, Sad as our Calamity ;  
Let every Voice her Praise aloud proclaim;  
And let each Pulpit eccho forth her Fame :  
Write Glorious Epitaphs, that so  
Posterity may know,  
How much Divinity to her did owe.  
In vain your learned Argument y'had tri'd,  
(For Arguments and Sense were always on your side.)  
In vain you bandi'd airy words  
Against a Ruling Pow'r, and Cutting Swords ;  
Had not the Hero, by *Maria* mov'd,  
(*Maria* the Belov'd!)  
Stepp'd in and sav'd your sinking Church and State,  
Both had been ruin'd by one common Fate ;  
And Muddy *Tiber*, long e'er this,  
Had sulli'd the pure Streams of *Thamisis*.  
Say then, to such Deliverers, what's due,  
And let that gratefully be paid by you.

## IX.

Ye Friends of *Helicon* Lament and Mourn,  
 And all your Numbers to sad Dirges turn,  
 Since she is gone, the noblest Theam,  
 And Patroness of you and Them!

No more she now shall hear  
 Your Joyful Notes saluting the New Year,  
 Which still was happy whilst still blest with her!

Her Praises now rehearse  
 In mighty Numbers, mighty Verse,  
 Now let your highest Fancies loosely fly,  
 You cannot soar too high,  
 Within the Limits of Mortality.

Rack, Rack, each Metaphor  
 Your flatt'ring Tribe have heretofore  
 Appl'd to Woman-kind; it will appear  
 They're true of her, and only her.  
 Flatt'ry she hated here below,  
 The highest Fancy cannot reach her Merits now.

Stop

## X.

Stop here my Muse---thou striv'st in vain,  
 With flagging Wings the mighty height to gain;  
 She is as much above thy feeble Praise,

As is the place

That holds her glorious Spirit now,

Distant from little Thee below :

So have we seen a Falcon in his flight,  
 Pursue the nimble Quarry out of sight,

Wear'd, and spent, at last

Descend with hanging Wings and eager haste.

And yet before thou leav'st thy Song,

Let the Great *William* take thy Wish along ;

May he his Conquering Arms advance  
 Into the Bowels of Insulting *France* :

May Bless'd *Maria's* Soul inspire

His active Breast with double Fire ;

Then crown'd with Lawrels let him come,

Bring Peace and Glory with him home ;

And he, and they, upon us Smile,

Whilst he rules *Albion*, or *Maria* is remembred in our  
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F I N I S.